

Life

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**The gang used
to welcome him**



now he isn't invited

SSMITH used to look forward to the weekly poker game; it was one of the few pleasures of a shy man. He felt at home with the gang. He liked to hear Andrews kid the fellows. He liked to watch Jim Waage's face when he was holding them. And after the game there was usually close harmony; Smith singing the bass. It was fun. Smith counted on it. Then suddenly the gang began meeting without him. At first he was mad, then hurt. Pretty rotten treatment, he thought, from fellows he considered his friends. He sat home, lonely and sulky. And to make it worse, his girl had picked a quarrel with him and told him she didn't want to see him any more. He couldn't understand it. He didn't realize that he had halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable social fault.



**8 Reasons
Why Millions
Prefer Listerine**

1. Absolutely safe to use.
2. Quick deodorant power.
3. Instant halting of fermentation.
4. Swift destruction of germs.
5. Pleasant to taste.
6. Does not attack metal fillings in teeth.
7. Heals and soothes tissue.
8. Requires no dilution.

LISTERINE immediately overcomes odors that

other mouth washes fail to mask in 4 days

It is curious how some men, extremely fastidious about other things, blithely assume their breath to be beyond reproach. What a mistake! Almost anyone is likely to have halitosis (unpleasant breath) at one time or another. Because every day, even in normal mouths, conditions capable of causing it may arise or are already present.

Ninety-five percent of halitosis is caused by fermentation of tiny food particles, which the tooth brush has failed to remove from the mouth. Also by minor infections of the oral cavity.

The one way to be sure that your breath is sweet, wholesome, and therefore inoffensive is to rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine. Every morning. Every

night. And before meeting others.

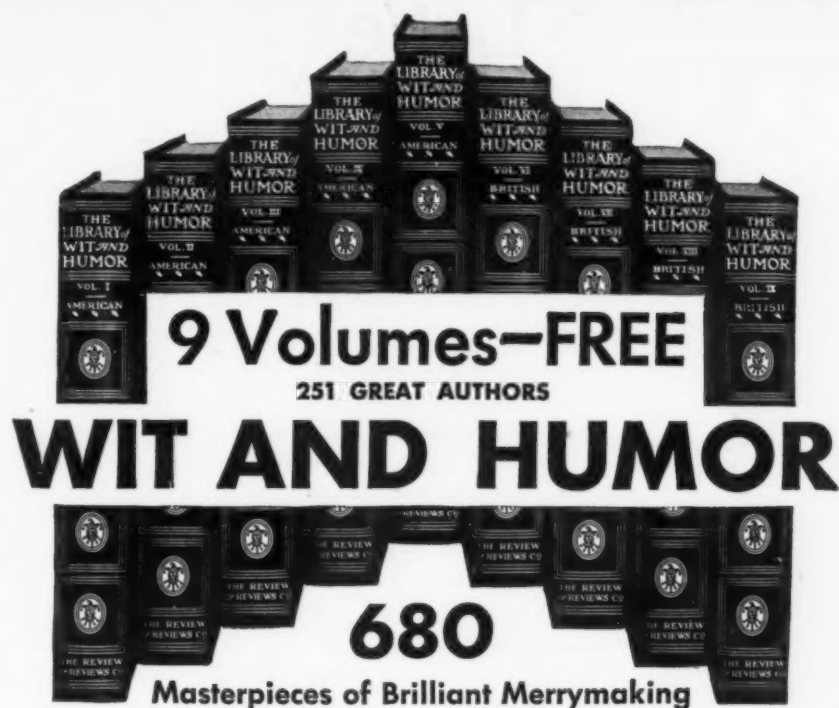
Listerine immediately halts fermentation. (Milk to which Listerine has been added keeps fresh 12 days.) Listerine checks infection—kills germs in the fastest time science has been able to measure accurately. Listerine, having thus struck at the cause of odors, overcomes the odors themselves.

After one of the most exhaustive series of tests to determine the deodorizing power of Listerine and certain other antiseptic mouth washes, a noted analytical chemist said:

"Listerine's deodorizing power is simply amazing. In experiment after experiment, it

has shown ability to promptly overcome odors that ordinary mouth washes fail to mask in 4 days, and in some cases 9 days. Clearly, Listerine's power in this direction is more immediate and lasting than that of other antiseptic mouth washes."

Keep Listerine on your dressing table, or in the bathroom cabinet. Always carry it with you when you travel. It is your precaution against infection. Remember that the medical profession looks upon it as the ideal antiseptic because it is non-poisonous, soothing, healing to tissue, and really delightful to taste. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



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Vapure is made by the United Drug Company, the world's largest producers of drugstore merchandise, and sold only by Rexall Stores. There is one conveniently near you.



Vapure

Rexall Drug Stores eliminate the middle-man, so you always benefit by lower prices! Liggett and Owl Stores are also Rexall Drug Stores.



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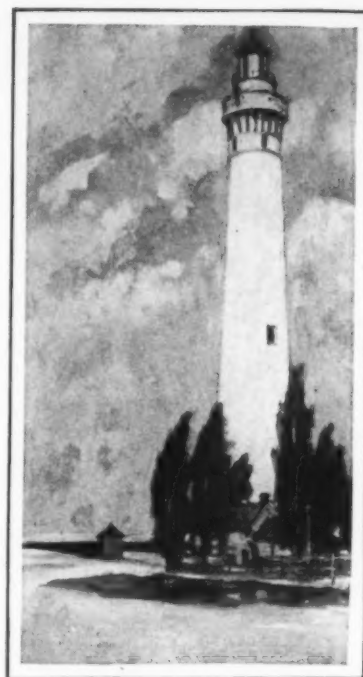
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Poetical Pete

That the quality of mercy
Is not strained, I will agree;
But it's frequently diluted
By the time it gets to me!



Au Sable Light, Au Sable Point on the northern shore of the Michigan Peninsula.

Staunch character flashes in each friendly gleam of the great light ... friendly character is revealed in each fragrant puff of

Old Briar TOBACCO

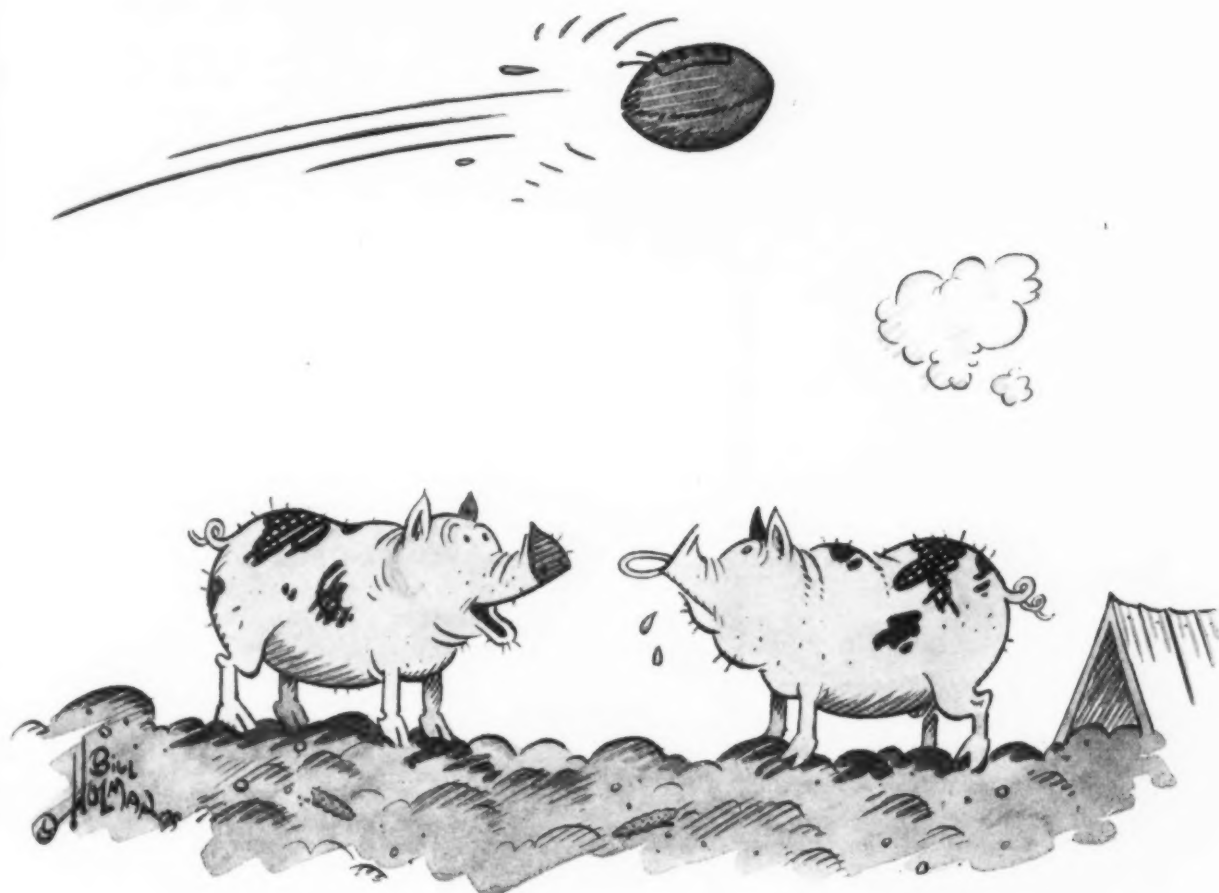
PIPE smokers, to whom one tobacco has always been about as good as another, quickly develop a marked friendliness for OLD BRIAR. There is a sparkling quality in the flavor that appeals to the taste and gives OLD BRIAR the personality that distinguishes it from the average pipe tobacco. This character, derived from a perfect blend of choice, fine-tasting tobaccos, gives the rare tang, flavor and aroma that account for OLD BRIAR'S ever widening circle of friendships.



15¢
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UNITED STATES
TOBACCO COMPANY
RICHMOND, VA., U. S. A.

Life



"Look! There goes Uncle Mac!!"

Postmaster-General Brown says increased postal receipts show business is on the upgrade.

Yes—but he should read our mail.

*

"Good liquors are our birthright," says an editorial. But someone has sold our birthright for a mess.

*

A warehouse fire which threatened to destroy several million bushels of

Kansas wheat was extinguished before it could do much good.

*

A medical report shows insanity is decreasing. This may be due to the fact that many persons who were considered crazy several years ago are now able to smile and say, "I told you so."

*

Notre Dame is scheduled to play a few games at home this fall. Fans must not expect too much from the Ramblers until they get acclimated.

Half the fun of a Communist revolution in America would be in sharing things with Comrade Mellon.

*

Employers who play golf daily are in great demand—by employees.

*

A New York bank cashier has disappeared. It is thought he may be evading arrest by going about disguised as a gangster.

Whither Are We Dialing?

LADIES and gentlemen of the radio audience, and particularly mothers and fathers in homes where there are infants—

While the theater and the movies long have been held educational it has remained for the radio to instruct the primary grades.

Many parents seemingly are unaware of the grave dangers thus entailed. An incident at dinner the other evening may serve as a warning example. A little girl, one about as tall as a radio cabinet, was present.

"Will you have some peas, dear?"

asked her mother.

"Yes, I won't," replied dear.

"Peas?" repeated the mother, raising inquisitive eyebrows.

"No, I do," answered dear.

LATER the mother explained that the dear as an infant had been lulled to sleep nightly by the radio. At that time, back in '24, the song of the moment and by the hour was "Yes, We Have No Bananas."

Perhaps you remember it.

With the words of this song dinned into the infant's unformed mind night

after night it is not surprising that the tender brain cells were knocked for a loop. Now, seven years later, the kinks have not righted themselves. I am told the dear calls her parents "Scallions."

LET us heed this pitiful example of radio as an educational force. Let us take warning and peer into the future.

We hear, at the present time, the rumba music with its drums beaten by hand. Babies are hearing these drums. The result will be seen and heard in the near future when the little dears are old enough to play in their breakfast cereal or make mud pies.

And there are the radio announcers and the talking skits and the tellers of news. Infants in their cozy cribs are being talked to sleep by them. For that matter, so are many grown persons.

Already the effect is noticeable. Have you heard any two-year-olds prattle recently? I have. I've heard dozens of these young survivors of the Literary Digest Poll. And I have yet to hear the conversation of one that you could distinguish from that of Floyd Gibbons.

BUT let us, as I believe I said, peer into the future. It is not bright. Let us picture, some years from now, a preparatory school for boys, say Culver. The professor of Latin is holding forth.

"Gallia est omnis divisa in partes tres," he reads and, glancing about the room, nods to a student. "Translate," he says.

The boy is a handsome youngster. Straight as an arrow and haughty of bearing, he is the only son of a proud old Southern family. But, as an infant, he was talked to sleep nightly by Henry Burbig.

"Vell," he drawls, thumbing the pages of his Caesar. "It vas beck in de old guntry dot vas de-wided in dree particples, py golly."

The professor frowns and nods to the next student. This boy is an up-standing youngster with a New England twang. "Translate," says the prof.

"Sho," says the New England boy. "De sichiation is dey revided de Gauls an' gits ev'ything in a big mess, or sumpin. Dere you is."

Twang that on your twanger.

A third boy rises with his Caesar in



"Ask him if he thinks we're in business for our health!"



"Hello Smith, I want to tell you how much I enjoyed those 'mushrooms' you picked."

hand and says: "It has been a long time since I was in Gaul, but on that occasion Caesar says to me, says he: 'Lowell, all Gaul is divided into three parts.' And I replied: 'Right you are, Julius.' Well, so long until tomorrow."

I shudder at the thought of possibly a thousand of these future students gathering in the school auditorium to sing "Boola Boola."

WHAT will be the results of babies listening to Kate Smith, Little Jack Little, Morton Downey and other radio singers? I don't know. But I fear—well, as Kate Smith's theme song has it: "The song is ended, but the memory lingers on."

The songs, our current popular songs, will linger on in their minds as they grow to manhood and womanhood. As the children, 1931 models, climb the hill of life and descend its farther side the song hits we hear on the air today will be the songs of their childhood—the songs their mother's radio used to sing to them.

Seventy or eighty years from now I see an old couple standing on the brink. They are alone with their memories. It is twilight. As the gathering dusk draws in upon them they join hands and lift their thin voices in song—singing a song of their childhood, a song they were taught as they lay in their cradles.

"Oh, Minnie had a heart as big as a whale," sings the feeble old lady, and the man's trembly bass joins in: "Big as a whale."
—Tom Sims.



"See there, Dinky—chaperoned again!"

And There's No Cure

Show me a man who's deeply adored,
And I'll show you a man who's deeply bored!
For be he worthy or otherwise,
He's born suspicious of feminine sighs!

Would we were born with the same good sense,
Instead of this habit of acting dense!

For, preferring our freedom . . . our freedom we fling
To a man who'd prefer we keep the damn thing!
—E. L.

Loot Beggar

"The Prohibition movement," says a church paper, "needs a great song."

Does anyone know a word that rhymes with bootlegger?



"Mr. Hazlet, send up the barber, my hair is annoying me again."

The Movie Executive's Announcement

We, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Whipple, wish to announce the birth of a son, Arthur, who is in our opinion the super baby of all time!

Arthur has been acclaimed by eminent critics on every side; witness a few opinions selected at random from the host of enthusiastic comments:

"A fine young son, Mr. Whipple!"
—Nurse.

"You lucky rascal! How about a cigar?"
—Charley Lollawitz.

"Isn't he sweet? Such a perfectly adorable smile!"
—Mrs. Mamie Blotto.

"It's a boy at the Whipples. I told you so!"
—Walter Winchell.

"Congratulations, Mr. Whipple, on your magnificent achiev—er—son!"
—Harry Benzine.

"Congratulations!"
—Dr. Brown.

"YES."
—Assistant to Mr. Benzine.

You remember some children for a moment, others for an hour, a few for a day. Arthur will remain in your memories forever! See and hear Ar-

thur Whipple! He will be at home to our friends for this week only! Added attraction: Radio entertainment!
—Brook Branwade.

Regrettable Overproduction

1. Law making bodies in the United States are creating new statutes for Americans to follow at the mean rate of a hundred and fifty a day.

2. The recent appointment of a new batch of admirals in Portugal brings up the number to an average of five admirals for every ship in the Portuguese Navy.

3. Records reveal that there are eighteen thousand registered clubs in Vienna, so that every eightieth Viennese is a president of something.

—W. E. F.

Soviet Hollywood

Several Hollywood assistant directors have been imported from Russia. Wonder if they have a five-year plan.



"Scram!"



TRAVEL IS SO BROADENING

Best Approved Method of Getting Out of Tight Parking Places

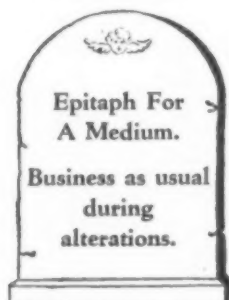
START motor. Shift hurriedly into reverse and let out clutch at once. Bang into car behind you. Look through rear window in baffled surprise. Peer at car ahead of you. Crane neck out side. Shut off switch and get out of car. Investigate and discover foot clearance at both ends. Mutter menacingly. Stride to rear car and discover windows rolled up and locked. Stalk to front car and fumble with emergency brake and gear lever. Discover latter has patent lock. Push vainly at front car. Ditto at rear car. Grunt.

Look about street helplessly. Get back in car. Bump car ahead gently. Bump it again forcefully. Back into car behind gently. Back into it again less gently. Listen to tinkling noise. Leap out of car and discover rear light shattered. Swear audibly.

GET back in car and race motor while twisting wheel frantically. Crash into curb. Draw away with ghastly scraping noise of running board. Leap car forward spinning wheel desperately. Hook bumpers with car ahead. Get out and tug at bumper without results. Curse absent owner of car ahead. Glare at interested audience now assembled. Direct labors of willing workers who volunteer strength. Stagger back in seat.

Clear car ahead and dart into street without looking. Get fender caved in by passing motorist. Yell "Fine stuff!" and "Great work!" several times. Inquire in loud, bitter voice of disappearing motorist why he doesn't learn how to drive.

Drive down the street and park car six inches in rear of car parked six inches in rear of another car, completely sewing him in without faintest hope of ever getting out. —K. B.



L I F E



"Pardon me, but can you tell me if I've had a baby?"

Allez Oop!

We are told that when one of the DO-X officers saw the Empire State Building he said: "Magnificent, but will it fly?"

You Must Come Up!

Dieudonne Coste, the aviator, predicts plane traffic seven miles above the earth. It should be simple to rise to that height in Paris and simply wait for New York to come along.

A Big Help

I am a woman just past 30 and want to thank you for your excellent advice. I was extremely underweight, and on your suggestion I took insulin treatment and have gained 20 pounds—Mrs. N. F.

Answer—Besides it effects a saving in sheets, for naturally a man doesn't tear so many of them shaking them out.

—Los Angeles Express.

SIMILE: As slow as a newsboy giving change through a street car window.

The National Target

The poor, prodded prospect in misery walks,
The innocent victim of smooth, selling talks,
The victim of thousands of erudite lads
Who plan and create our national ads,
The victim of billboards that brilliantly glare,
Of radio programs that torture the air,
The victim of grim and aggressive go-getters,
Of hand-bills and dodgers and circular letters,
Of show cards in windows adroitly displayed,
Of calls on the 'phone in the interests of trade,
The victim of signs in the trolleys and trains—
Poor prospect is peppered by constant campaigns!
The life of the prospect is surely no joke—
No wonder we all are perpetually broke!

—A. L.



"Poor fellow, he lost his amateur standing and now he can't make a cent."



"I guess I must run in streaks, Miss Noble! I'm generally witty as the dence!"

She Aims to Please

A Dallas bride shot at her husband six times and missed him. His friends are congratulating him on marrying well.

National Prayer

What everybody wants now is for business to get back to abnormalcy.

To the Editor of The Sun—Sir: Tattoo artists should be outlawed. I see men with smooth, clean bodies hideously disfigured by tattoo marks—eagles, battleships, flowers, various objects on chest and arms. I saw a few men with a tattoo reading "Love, Mother." Today I saw one "In memory of my mother."

I don't need a tattoo to show my mother that I love her. Although I work long hours I have made a cozy home for mother. I provided a radio so she might enjoy her favorites, a rocker for comfort, two lovely lamps and many other little things for her pleasure and comfort.

There are many ways one can prove love for his mother. The tattoo idea is not one of them. I have stated a few.
SIMON H. SCHNEIDER.

Letter to the New York Evening Sun,
Don't tattoo, telegraph!



Life Looks About

Wanted; Government for Latin Peoples

GERMANY and Austria tried to arrange for a customs union but there were objections, particularly from France, and the proposal went to the World Court which voted that the proposed union could not be.

But were Austria and Germany disturbed? Apparently not; because of the line-up on the vote in the World Court. For the proposed union were the United States, Great Britain, Germany, Japan, Belgium, Holland and China; against it were France, Italy, Spain, Poland, Roumania, Colombia and Salvador. The decision was on technical points; whether the proposed union was in conflict with the Treaty of 1919 or the Protocol of 1922. There was no obvious reason why the Latin countries should have taken one point of view and the English, Germans, Yankees, Dutch, Japanese and Chinese another; but they did group as said, and it was interesting.

WHAT is to be the government of the Latin nations? In Europe and in America they adopt the forms of Republican government, but the actual government is done by some one who can do it. France as yet has no dictator; Republican Spain has not yet developed one, but the South American countries are now exceptionally prolific of autocrats. Cuba seems to have one; when the Philippines go independent, no doubt they will have one. Mexico has had a longer experience, both of government and of trouble, and may keep her head. So the more important countries in South America—The Argentine, Chile, Brazil.

However, it is not a matter to lose much sleep over. The Latin countries will have government somehow.

MEANWHILE is it not possible to get a reliable close-up view of Señor Machado, the President of Cuba? It is represented that he now governs that island purely by force; that is to say, by his army, which is fed, clothed and paid and attends to its job. Maintenance seems now to be scarce in Cuba. It is an enormously rich island, but like other rich countries is embarrassed by want and unemployment.

OUR Mayor, Mr. Walker, seems to find great favor in France. If any Latin nation would like him for its ruler, offers for his services would be carefully considered in New York and probably accepted. His adventures in France have been very edifying. Like a great Historical Character he seems to have invited the multitude to sit down, fed them up, and gathered basketfuls of applause and decorations.

How much limelight is profitable to our Mayor may shortly be disclosed. Judge Seabury seems to be on his trail; the company he keeps is criticized, and it is not unlikely that his brilliant outbursts in Paris are the stars of the rocket as it turns to its fall.

Still There

EVERY morning nowadays readers take up their paper and look to see if the Union Jack is still there. At last accounts it was. The British have sore trials but their feet seem to stay on the ground. The Union Jack will still fly, but whether the gold standard will continue to wave seems not so certain. Even the most serious characters now seem to regard the demonetization of silver with concern and wish to have something done about it. What was that old cry about "the crime of '93," or some other year, that had to do with the elimination of silver from our standard of monetary value? When labor is cheap and money is dear, people want cheap money. They wanted it when Bryan first ran for President and a good many would like to have it now. That is not remarkable—what is remarkable is that just now so large a proportion of the rest of mankind would be interested to have them get it.

Well we shall see about that. Just now things happen and after a while people become conscious that they have happened. Even the great experts get to realize it in time. The demonetization of silver was not much noticed till it got to stepping on everybody's toes, but now, with the buying powers of China and India almost wiped out and gold from all over the world running into New York to get out of the wet, what happens to silver gets a good deal of notice.

Someone Should Keep His Boots On

ONE reads that Representative Wood, Chairman of the Appropriations Committee in the House, proposes further substantial cuts in appropriations for the army and navy. "We are not at war", he says, "nor threatened with war." Which is true, but it does not alter the fact that this planet on which we reside is at present very much disturbed, so that almost any of our international friends is liable to go crazy without notice and begin shooting at anyone in sight.

So let us hope Mr. Wood will not be too preemptory about reducing army and navy appropriations, so long as the Russian experiment is going on and going so big, and so much information comes from Cuba about the despotic character of its present government, and experiment in the direction of Red is proceeding in Chile and the navy there has mutinied, and as all of South America is a good deal upset, and the Philippines are considering independence, and Porto Rican children lack food, and matters are quite disturbed in Spain and Portugal, and Mussolini and the Pope do not always agree, and Chinese are starving by the million except as such as have been drowned; and India is far from prosperous, and China too since her money went out of style. Since these matters and so many others are so unsettled in our present world, it does seem expedient that even in the United States there should be SOMEBODY who does not take off his BOOTS when he goes to BED.

—E. S. Martin.



SONNY AND PATRICIA.

"You'd better eat all of it. Father won't stand for any foolishness."

MRS. PEP'S DIARY

By Baird Leonard

COOPERSTOWN, N. Y.
September 3.—Greatly depressed this morning after looking through the fashion pages with their emphasis on the pinched-in waist, a feature with which a summer of over-eating will make it difficult for me to cope, and Samuel, poor wretch, has been obliged to halt his tailors in the building of his autumn garments, he having been unable to hold back when Iroquois Hattie's cream was passed with the compotes. Emmy Whitridge in, clamoring for a bout at Salvo, a game in which I take no interest soever, forasmuch as I had liefer play patience or work on my tapestry than sink imaginary battleships by numerical speculation. The afternoon gone over P. G. Wodehouse's "If I Were You", which did prove not so amusing as its author's high altitude for hilarity had

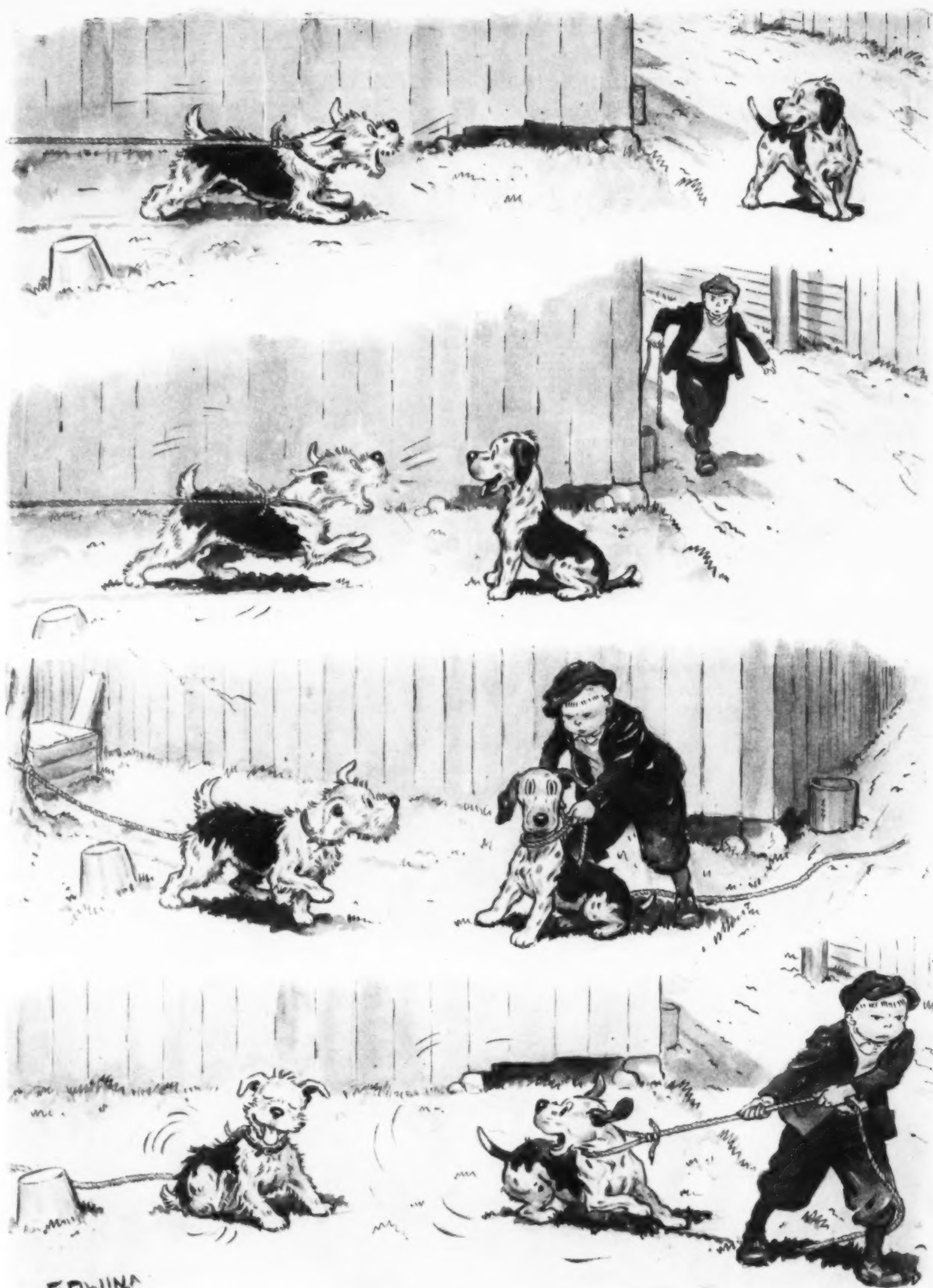
led me to expect, and I was granted for the first time in my life a dim comprehension of the numerous people of unquestioned humour who do stoutly maintain that they cannot read Wodehouse at all, an assertion of Sam's, for instance, which I have always held secretly against him. To Cherry Valley for dinner at the McClungs', and Mary did twit me on a recent remark in my journal about Andrew Mellon, albeit it was innocuous enough, nor did I know when I set it down that he is her uncle. But Dr. Wright of Rutgers College did show me a clipping from my writings which he has carried in his wallet for six years, so that my aplomb was restored sufficiently for me to eat seven of the most delicious appetizers that ever I tasted, a paste of cream cheese and horseradish swathed in chipped beef. Later to cards, and I did tell the table of my game yesterday with the ancient from Saratoga who, albeit

holding eleven trumps between his own hand and dummy, did nevertheless finesse them and lose his doubled contract, a bit of naïveté matched only by the tyro partner who asked me if the "A" were a good card. Whereupon A. McClung confided that he once played with a woman who wished to know which had the beard, the King or the Knave.

SEPTEMBER 4.—Lay late, pondering Carlyle's assertion that the only true happiness of a man consists of a clear, decided activity in a sphere for which, by nature and by circumstance, he has been fitted and appointed, and whether or not I might attain greater felicity as a *rendeuse* or a barmaid because of the prolonged indulgence of my gregarious and convivial instincts, but, realizing the futility of my animadversions, up and at my stint, full of fine resolutions to increase it this season to unprecedented proportions. Lord! with the first whiff of nipping and eager air, I am, as usual, minded to go in seriously for self-improvement as well as to provide myself with the season's smartest modes in spongy woolen, my main regrets of the moment being that I did not sign up for a University extension course or take advantage of the August fur sales. After luncheon to a meeting of the local wet committee, which has become so astonishingly and intelligently active under Ethel Morgan that even dinner place cards are frequently auctioned off for the cause, and when the subject of raising funds was broached, I suggested that millions might lie in the formula for a prophylactic which would remove the smell of liquor from the breath, and one woman offered an old stone mill as a factory if someone else would come forward with the chemistry. Moreover, Fifi Fitler, with an unexpected eloquence as impassioned as Patrick Henry's asserted her willingness to do anything to repeal the Volstead law save to drink. Home betimes, to the delight of my little dog, Fafnir, and, reading in "Still More Boners", a compilation of errors made by schoolchildren, I was specially pleased with "The Marseillaise was the theme song of the French Revolution" and the correction of "The bull and the cow is in the field" to "The cow and the bull is in the field. Ladies first."



"The very latest from Paris, Madam, nineteenth century."



EDWIN

SINBAD.
"He who laughs last."

Better and Louder Golf Alibi

THERE were two things in George Tweep's life that meant everything to him—his family and his golf. It is really difficult to understand how he managed to find time for both. At any rate, his wife and five children complained of no neglect and his golf score averaged around seventy-eight.

George had won the right to represent his club in the State Golf Tournament. During the period preceding the final matches, Mrs. Tweep presented him with a sixth child.

Another man would either have withdrawn from all sports, or would have deserted his family at such a time. George, however, was prepared for the situation. A putting green had been built on the front lawn of his home. Thus he could practice and be near the newest Tweep at the same time.

One afternoon an appreciative gallery came over to watch George do his putting. From all angles, he tapped the ball into the cup—his skill was little short of amazing. At length he decided to try one more and call it a day. It was a simple six-footer; the kind he had been making all afternoon.

He took his stance, held his breath, drew back his putter slowly and brought it forward smoothly. At the moment of impact, from within the house, came the disturbing wail of the Tweep infant. George's wrist jerked—the sphere missed the cup by a good three inches!

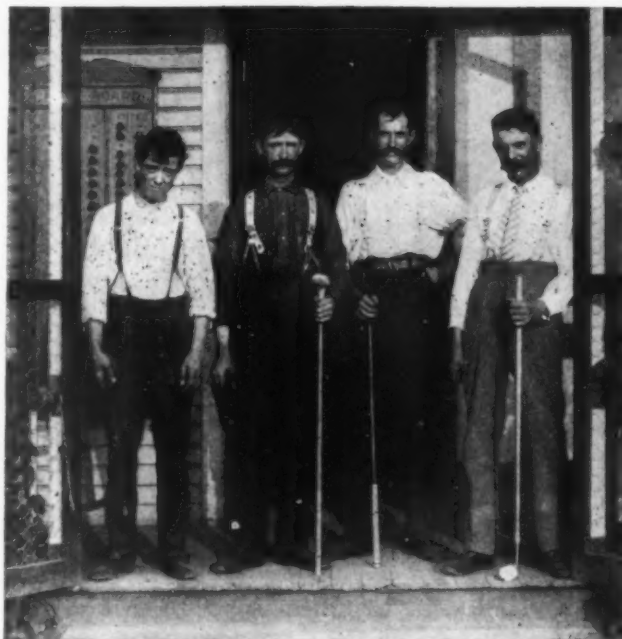
Forcing a smile, George looked around at the gallery. "Too bad!" he said. "I guess it's that new bawl!"

—Dana L. Cotie.



"Just a minute. I'll place you."

LIFE IN SOCIETY



FOUR CARPENTERS TIE FOR AMATEUR MEDAL

Arthur W. Seaver, Charles H. Yates, Billy "Ducky" Onimet and Gus Lehman standing on the stoop of the Beverly Country Club, which they built during the qualifying test. A crosscut saw was the most versatile club in Onimet's bag.

Mrs. A. Corson Munnch is suing Mr. Frank DeLagle, President of the Westport National Bank, for misappropriation of fun.

Mrs. Norma Bradford and Mr. Stuart MacDonnell went mushing over the sands of Bailey's Beach last evening until their dogs gave out.

Miss Fanny Timmer, of Detroit, has been the guest of Mrs. Joy Byron—on the European plan.

Miss Katherine Rogers, soprano, and Edwin Jarvis, baritone, gave a recital last night in Great Barrington. Mr. and Mrs. Rodney E. Andrews gave a dinner for their daughter during the concert.

The annual all-night race of the Barnegat Bay Yacht Club will be held tonight, starting from J. Clifford Warrington's pantry.

At the annual water sports meet, held yesterday at the Southampton Beach Club, Stuyvesant Fish won the 25-yard swim for boys under 12, and Tenney Horn won the 5-yard swim for girls under water.

—Jack Cluett.

The Letters of a Modern Father

My Dear Daughter:

Your night letter saying you had found love at last and were leaving Wilfrid to go away with the new man was just read to me over the phone by your mother. I wish that any time you find love and decide to leave your husband you would address your telegrams to the office. You know as well as I do that your mother gets the jitters the moment she spies a messenger coming up the walk. I had to excuse myself from a customer who checks on an open bank and drive out to the house to calm her.

After I had reminded your mother that you had found your real love on three other occasions since marrying Wilfrid she was reassured and when I left she was interviewing the Fuller Brush man as if nothing had happened.

I suppose this is the newspaper man you told us about some weeks ago. You are highly inflammable but you are also a creature of habit, and I can't imagine you breaking up your home for a fellow who, just at the moment you like to go trailing into a theater, would be pushing an actor out of his press-section seat at a prize fight.

Let me give you one to look up. If you have seen this newspaper man often enough and long enough to ignore, he must be out of work.

Perhaps you don't know it, but my sister, your Aunt Alice, married a newspaper man. He was an extraor-



"Just offhand, Miss, I'd say it's your oil pump."

dinary specimen, too; didn't drink to excess and wasn't ambitious to write.

But Alice never saw him. He had a vacation one year and the next year they had a baby, but from then on the paper always cancelled his vacation to send him out on a story, so your cousin Cyril is an only child. I remember once when an ambassador or an aviator was coming to town, Alice took Cyril down to see the parade so she could point out his father on a running board. I don't want to discourage you, but you always were a child who wanted to know where things were.

So I wouldn't leave Wilfrid in haste. Besides, you never can tell; Wilfrid might decide to let you go,



"You'd better get in here if you don't want to go to college."



"Now you fellows get in there an' giv'em hell for old Presbyterian Prep!"

and then where would you be?

Another thing, a newspaper man only makes about half of what you are accustomed to having even when he isn't merged, and he spends that for other newspapers.

One more point; have you tried to find out if he really loves you? Suppose you call him at his office three days in succession. If he comes back to see you after that, you can know it's the real thing.

But if you wire your decision on this or any other message about your heart, avoid the house. Your mother isn't strong and the average vacuum cleaner canvasser wouldn't know how to revive her.

Your Affectionate Father,
McCready Huston.



NEW YORK AT NIGHT



ORK AT NIGHT

—An Impression by Mr. Howard Elcock.

Movies • by Harry Evans

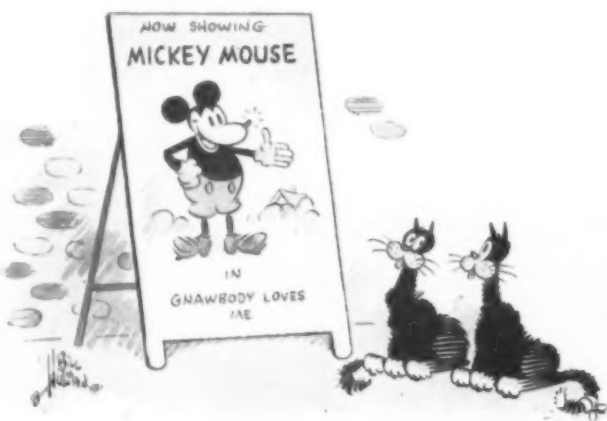
"The Guardsman"

THE first screen appearance of the famous stage team of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne is the most important thing that has happened in the movies during the current year. "The Guardsman" is perfectly delightful. It offers a display of histrionic color that will satisfy the most exacting critic of stage or screen and it is directed and photographed with skill and intelligence. "The Guardsman" is, in a word, an event, and we can truthfully say that we avoid the use of the word unless we become practically hysterical over a motion picture.

When a film company starts yelling about a new stage star who has been signed up to appear in a screen version of his or her "great Broadway success" we seldom experience any emotion other than a slight feeling of interest not un-mixed with pity. Many a celebrity has journeyed out to California amid loud cheers from the press seats and staggered back to Broadway in a few weeks shrieking their curses on Hollywood and all its works. Lunt and Fontanne have held out for a long time against the lure of the gold in them that Western hills, so when the announcement was made that they were going to do "The Guardsman," we put it down to the depression and made a mental note that whatever happened would be blamed, by this reviewer, on the Republican administration. The result of the picture proves something, and we hope to the Lord the movie industry gets it. . . .

The reason that Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne have made a splendid success of their screen debut is because the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer officials had the good sense to let them

give their own show in their own way. If there were arguments (and there doubtless were) as to whether or not this gesture, or that facial expression was too restrained or the text of the Ferenc Molnár manuscript too subtle, the movie officials and their yes men evidently submitted to the superior knowledge of the principals. In addition to this, Director Sidney Franklin has shown excellent judgment in all of his sequences which go beyond the province of the stage. In the scene at the opera the action is restricted to a box and a small group of persons in the orchestra, as opposed to the usual movie idea of photographing the entire interior of the theatre with close-ups of singers and other characters to distract your attention from the story. This note of simple directness is also carried out in the street scenes,



"Wish he'd make a personal appearance!"

and in the cleverly conceived bit at the railroad station.

On one point Alfred and Lynn can thank their stars and their physical appearances for the satisfactory results. This is the matter of closeups. As stated before on this page, you cannot keep a movie camera from creeping up on the performers and giving you intimate glimpses of their facial muscles in action. Fortunately both Mr. Lunt and Miss Fontanne can "take it," for which God be praised.

In addition to the superlative performances of the principals there is competent, if modest, support by Roland Young, Zasu Pitts and Maude Eburne. The cast shows every indica-

tion of having been chosen on merit alone. We trust that this innovation may gain popular favor.

"The Guardsman" holds forth the promise that the stage's most illustrious married team (they are Mr. and Mrs. Lunt, as you probably know) may make a movie record of all the splendid things they have done for the Theatre Guild in the past. We can only hope that if they do, the Metro-Goldwyn boys will allow them all the privileges extended in "The Guardsman"—including Director Franklin.

"The Bargain"

THIS movie transcription of Philip Barry's "You and I" (or maybe it's "You and Me") is no bargain. It has two redeeming features. They are Lewis Stone and Charles Butterworth. But the trouble is you are supposed to be going to the picture to see Doris Kenyon because she is the star, and if that is why you are going you had better not.

Mr. Barry's things are always quite chatty. This one is positively garrulous. Miss Kenyon has an awful lot to say, and with each speech she does something with her hands or face—mostly her face. You can hardly blame Miss Kenyon for having so little faith in the anaemic lines to get along by themselves, but she is a bit too extravagant in her efforts to help out. Miss Kenyon is supposed to be one of those aggressively sympathetic wife-and-mother characters, and the way she buckles down to smiling sweetly at fate and being very understanding made us want to walk right out of the theatre and smack somebody in the nose.

Mr. Stone's Christian name in the picture is "Maitland," which is bad enough, but Miss Kenyon goes it one better and calls him "Maity." Every few minutes during the evening she calls him "Maity" and on several occasions she doubles up by saying "Now, Maity, Maity—" or "Oh! Maity, Maity." There should be a crack in there somewhere about a mother heart calling to its Maity, but the thing is bad enough as it is.

Mr. Butterworth is funny, but he was even funny in that Winnie Lightner picture about Havana.

Theatre

IT has been a week of great sadness in the theatre. Here are the new offerings, and how any of them survived a dress rehearsal or even a careful reading of the manuscript is a puzzle:

"Just To Remind You" by Owen Davis.

"Ladies Of Creation" by Gladys Unger.

"Free For All"—musical, by Lawrence Schwab and Oscar Hammerstein 2nd.

"The Man on Stilts" by Edwin L. and Albert W. Barker.

For the benefit of those who care to imperil an evening at any of these entertainments, we provide this possibly useful addendum to our *Confidential Guide*.

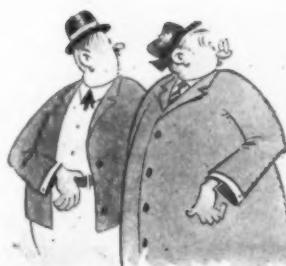
Shooting Galleries are located on 42nd Street West of Broadway, and on Sixth Avenue about 46th Street. Open to catch the first and second act departure trade.

Open Air Bowling Alleys on 53rd Street, also open late. Ideal sport for disgruntled theatre patrons. The light ball can be thrown with great speed, creating lots of racket and a heart-easing sense of destruction. Ladies like it.

IT hardly seems fair to pass up "Free For All" with a single line when we consider the performances given by two of the cast. Jack Haley, as entertaining a comedian as you will see on the musical comedy stage, manages to make the audience laugh considerably in spite of the weakness of his material, and Peter Higgins' singing voice is a pleasant anticipation throughout the evening. These boys deserve better luck.



The osteopath tries tree surgery.



"Shell shock?"

"No, a yes man from Hollywood!"

Great Minds at Work

Milwaukee is interesting because there gangsters shoot you seldom.
—Arthur Brisbane.

The writer should have the same relation to life as the gear shift of an automobile to the driver.
—Boris Pilnyak.

In this country we own fifty-two per cent of the wealth of the world, and we can go out and tell these other people to stand off or else we'll pound—out of them.
—Major General Smedly D. Butler.

The independent farmer has the best chance among all classes of Americans to call his soul his own.
—Stuart Chase.

The racket business is not what it is cracked up to be.
—Al. Capone.

A career in the films is the most terrible tragedy that can happen to young people.
—Mary Pickford.

Love is a wonderful thing and highly desirable in marriage.
—Rupert Hughes.

Al Capone is a much larger man than I had thought—taller and huskier. He is a composite of Jack Dempsey, Benito Mussolini, and William Randolph Hearst.
—Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

There is danger in all elements of love and marriage.
—Rudy Vallée.

It takes courage just to be a woman.
—William Lyon Phelps.

There is no crime problem in our land to-day, thefts, lust and lawlessness to the contrary notwithstanding.
—Rt. Rev. Ernest V. Shayler.

GREAT DRAMAS in SPORT . . . by Jack Kofoed

YEARS and years ago John "Hans" Lobert played third base for Cincinnati and Orval Overall was one of the star pitchers of the Chicago Cubs.

They were pals. When the Reds played in Chicago or the Cubs were entertained in Cincinnati Lobert and Overall spent their evenings together. They'd sit in rathskellers and drink beer, and talk . . . and each would have cheerfully gone to Hell for the other.

It happened in this particular season that Chicago was in the thick of the pennant race, and Cincinnati . . . as usual . . . was in the doldrums and going nowhere.

The race came down toward the finish. Every game was of vital concern to the Cubs. They were harried and hectorred by their brilliant leader, Frank Chance. There could not be the slightest let down if they were to win the pennant they coveted so much.

Lobert, of course, pulled for Chicago. He wanted his great friend, Overall, to get into the World Series, and gain the fame and money that goes with the, so to speak, Fall Classic.

THERE are certain doleful souls who believe in neither tradition nor honesty so far as professional sport is concerned. They talk of thrown games and syndicate baseball and all that sort of thing. To people like these it would seem an easy matter for "Hans" Lobert to kick away a couple of ball games when Cincinnati played Chicago . . . and so simplify matters. It probably would have been simple had the bow-legged Lobert been as dishonest as these misanthropic fans.

Then one day, late in the season, the Cubs came to Redland seeking victories. . . . They led the New York Giants by a fraction of a game. . . . They were drawn and tired and cranky from the strain. . . . Fretted nerves showed in their manner.



Lobert dug his spikes in the ground and took a vicious cut . . .

And big Overall was named to pitch the first game. Who toiled for Cincinnati is one of those forgotten facts . . . and it doesn't matter very much except to say that he did a perfectly gorgeous job. So did Overall. They struggled on in the throes of a pitching duel, and at the beginning of the Reds' half of the ninth inning the score stood 0-0 . . . and "Husk" Chance was raving. They couldn't lose. . . . They mustn't lose!

The scoreboard showed that the Giants had beaten the hapless Braves. A defeat for Chicago would drop the Cubs into second place. It would do more. It would crack the morale of the Illinois men and bolster that of the insolent Broadwayites.

Overall, working hard but with Teutonic calm, fed curve balls to the Reds, and he had a beauty. . . . With two out, there were two men on base . . . Hoblitzell and Bates . . . and John Lobert walked gloomily to the plate, swinging a couple of bats.

The populace implored Lobert to get a hit. Those shouting fans in the

bleachers didn't know how earnestly he wanted to strike out. . . . They didn't understand that he would have given plenty had a pinch-hitter been sent up for him.

John looked at Orval Overall, and the big pitcher, tapping the ball into the palm of his glove stared at his friend.

WINNING that game didn't mean a thing to Cincinnati, except a temporary and exciting feeling of triumph. . . . It meant everything to Chicago. The ball-players who knew of the friendship between Lobert and Overall expected him to fan . . . John wanted to strike-out. . . . But there were the traditions of the game . . . and his basic honesty. . . . Were these things stronger than friendship?

Overall wound up . . . and let go the pitch with a prayer . . . John Lobert dug his spikes into the ground and took a vicious cut . . . there was a sharp crack . . . the ball went screaming on a line over Joe Tinker's head . . . and Hoblitzell raced across the plate with the run that beat the Cubs. . . . It finished them, incidentally. They fell into second place . . . and never recovered the ground they had lost.

Overall, his shoulders sagging a little, stuffed his glove into his hip pocket, and started for the clubhouse . . . Lobert came over and put an arm around his friend's shoulder. . . . There were tears in his eyes.

"I'm sorry, Orvie," he said.

"That's all right, Hans," said the big pitcher. "There wasn't anything else you could do . . . I guess."

And, moodily keeping step they walked on, oblivious of the gaping crowd. . . . And great men have died to uphold traditions. But I wonder in this case, if it wouldn't have been better for John Lobert to have taken three swings . . . and let that ball-game run for Sweeney.

What do you think?



"I See By the Papers . . ." by Will B. Johnstone



CONTRACT BRIDGE by ELY CULBERTSON



came up in a rubber of Contract at the Tower Bridge Club in New York a few weeks ago.

Contract Deal
East and West vulnerable
Dealer—South

South	West	North	East
1 ♠ (1)	Pass	Pass	3 NT (2)
Double (3)	4 ♥ (4)	4 ♥ (5)	4 NT (6)
Double (7)	5 ♥ (8)	Pass (9)	5 NT (10)
Double (11)	Pass (12)	Pass	6 ♥ (13)
Double (14)	Pass (15)	Pass	Redouble (16)
Pass (17)	Pass	Pass	

♠ 7-5-4-3	♠ A-Q-2
♥ 2	♥ A-K-Q
♦ 5-4-3	♦ A-K-Q-10-9-8-7
♣ 10-8-7-5-3	♣ None
♠ 6	♠ K-J-10-9-8
♥ J-9-8-6-5-4	♥ 10-7-3
♦ J-6	♦ 2
♣ 9-6-4-2	♣ A-K-Q-J

PROBLEMS AND POST MORTEM
Mr. Culbertson will gladly give free counsel to LIFE readers regarding any problems on any phase of bidding or play in Contract Bridge. Address all communications to Mr. Ely Culbertson, Life Publishing Company, 60 East 42nd Street, New York City.

Back to Bunker Hill and Troy
"DON'T shoot until you see the whites of their eyes!"

The waiting strategy which upset the British at Bunker Hill and the Wooden Horse which brought Helen back from Troy to the breakfast table of good King Menelaus, were based on the benign motive of letting the enemy defeat himself, which is a fine plan for the bridge player. The Red Coats, marching bravely up to the silent Colonial breastwork, were under the guns before the warmth of the reception prepared for them was revealed. Paris lost his charming playmate through naïve Trojan trust in Greeks bearing a gift. The fathers of the Sons of the Revolution made every grain of their powder count and the Spartans played the psychology of their opponents.

Masked batteries and Wooden Horses are part of the strategy of the astute contract player. Seldom, however, is there presented such a marvelous opportunity for the employment of befuddling tactics to lead the opponents to slaughter as was presented by the following hand, which actually

When East picked up his hand he recognized in its unusual combination of honor-tricks and powerful distributional assets a strong probability of a slam, probably at diamonds, but also recognized a feature which might escape many players—the possibility of getting into a bid which would appear to opponents as a refuge and which would be doubled with highly satisfactory results for Declarer.

And, fortunately for East, South had a bid!

The bidding proceeded as follows:

(1) Much more honor strength than is necessary for an opening bid of one. There are 3 honor-tricks plus, ♠K-J-10 being 1, ♣A-K being 2, and ♣Q being a plus.

(2) A daring bluff bid based upon East's knowledge of the psychology both of South and of his partner. South, to East's certain knowledge, is impulsive. His explosive temperament is easily excited by powerful honor-trick holdings, and he is given to resounding, premature doubles. West has evinced, on previous occasions, a paternalistic tendency to rescue a moron partner. East knows that South's bid must be based upon the Ace and King of clubs and possibly the Queen. Either a double from South or a rescue from West is inevitable.

(3) Take that, you scoundrel!

(4) What's going on, Partner? I will try to save you!

(5) Suspecting that something psychic is afoot and not wishing to be left out of the party. This bid makes the rest of East's program comparatively easy by



"If you can locate the deuce of clubs fellows, we can get started."



The Bow and Arrow Wedding.

revealing not less than four spades and, giving South credit for five, showing either a singleton or a void in West's hand. All that is necessary now is for Psychology to function.

(6) Gambling that South will double again or that West will again rescue.

(7) Of course I'll double four if I doubled three!

(8) My patience is about exhausted but I'll try again to save you!

(9) 'Nough!

(10) The Wooden Horse at Troy's gates.

(11) I'll continue along this line if it takes all summer.

(12) Let the devil boil in his own brimstone!

(13) East drops his guard, sure that South will take a mighty swing at him, giving East an opening for the knock-out punch.

(14) This man East has gone crazy and must be taught a lesson.

(15) The jig is up!

(16) A stiff right to the solar plexus. East hopes that South will now bid six spades giving him an opportunity to bid seven diamonds, which is, of course, another gamble. West, however, is marked with at least six hearts and a singleton spade. Even with only two small diamonds, which East is betting on, there is a strong possibility of a grand slam in diamonds.

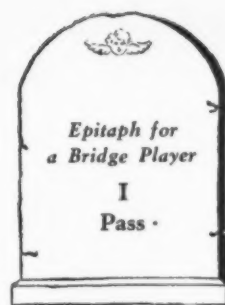
(17) A bad pass. The best bid for a non-vulnerable South would be six spades and then seven spades, if East persists. At seven doubled South should lose one heart, one diamond and one spade—down three, a loss of only 400 points. This would have been a highly profitable sacrifice, for East scored 2070—750 for the vulnerable

slam, 200 for making a redoubled contract, 400 for the over trick and 720 for six heart tricks at their redoubled value, in addition to making the rubber.

With diamonds not mentioned by West, South assumed that North's raise (which helped East immensely and added to South's confusion), was based on the diamond Ace or King-Queen.

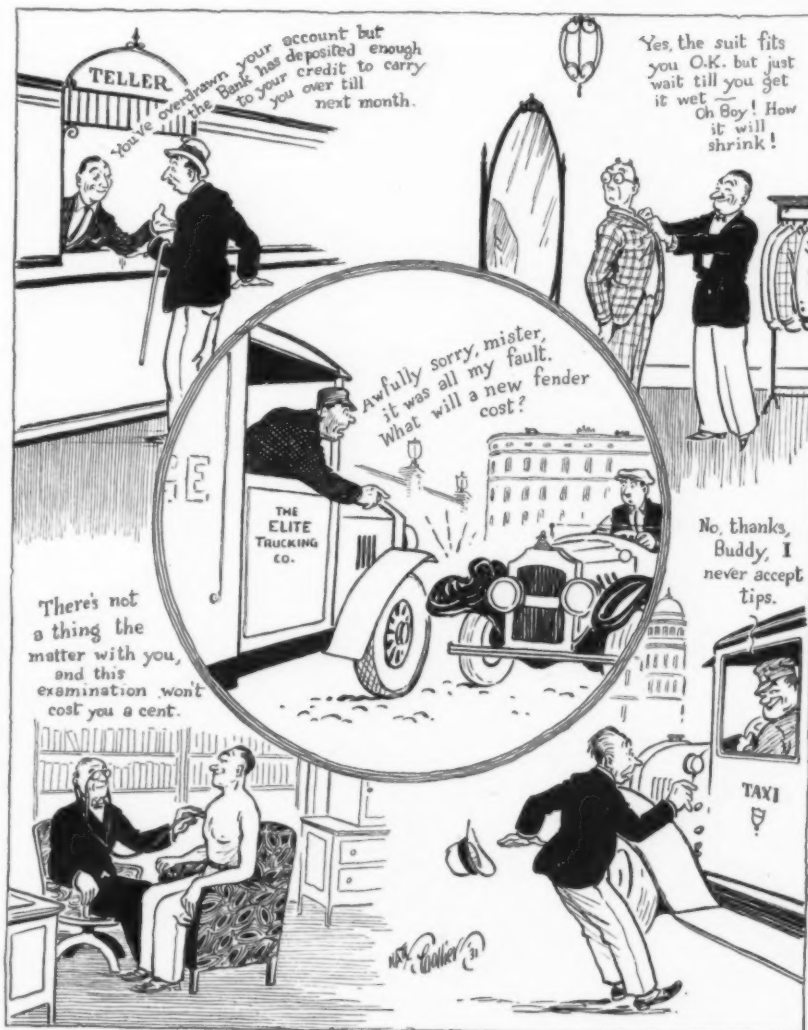
The moral of this is: You can't keep a bad doubler down except on the minus side of the score pad.

Against any lead seven odd at hearts is a lay down, similarly seven diamonds except against a trump opening (a highly unnatural and improbable lead). Played at six hearts redoubled, with West the Declarer, North opened with the seven of spades, which Declarer took with the Ace, ruffed two



spades, exhausted the adverse trumps and laid down the hand.

One strongly suspects that Colonel Prescott, who commanded the Revolutionary troops at Bunker Hill, and Mr. Agamemnon, who led the Greeks at Troy, and with his Wooden Horse made the most successful psychic bid in all history, would have been good Contract Bridge players.



The millennium.

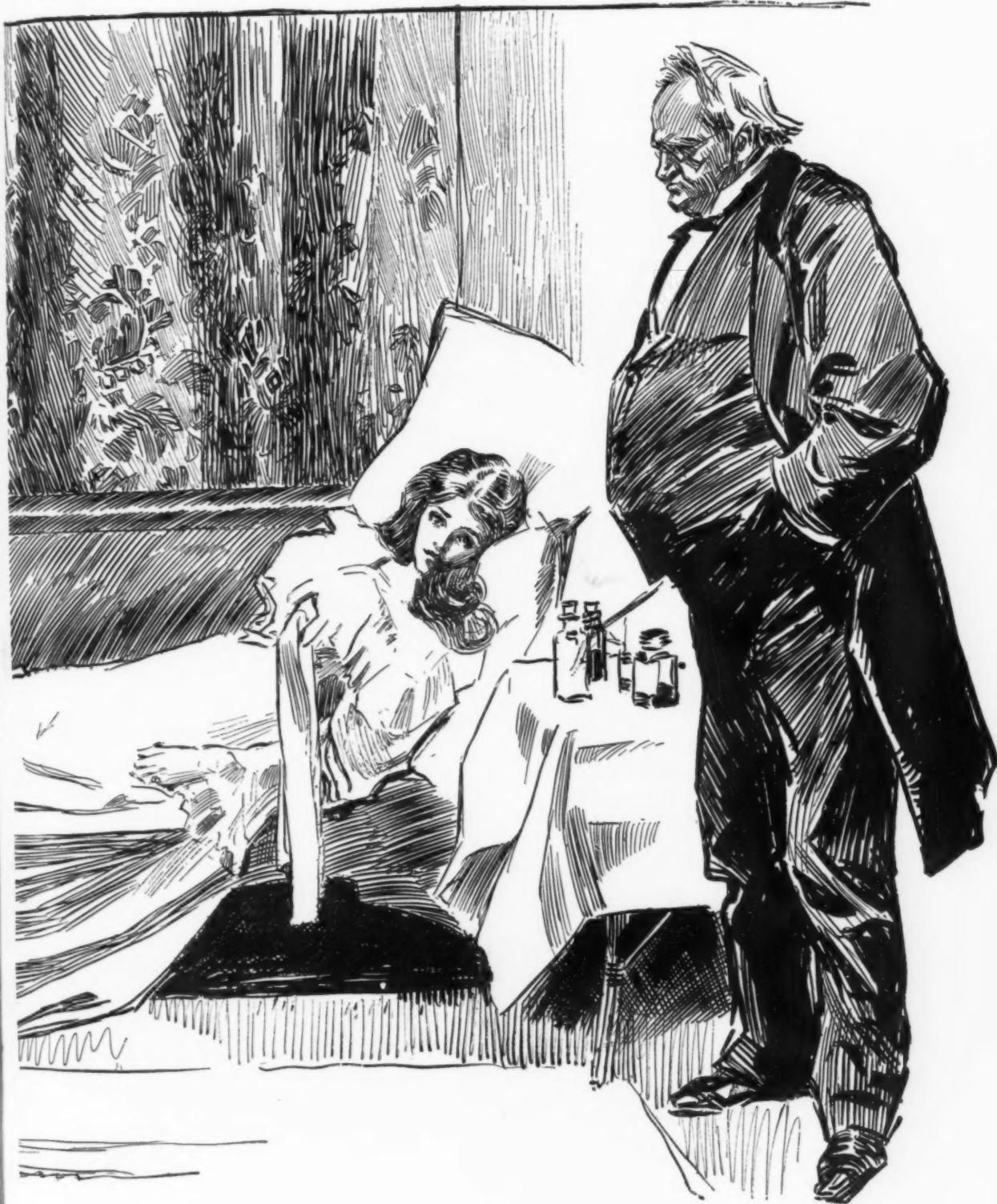
From Life's



WHEN DOC

TO

Family Album



TORS DISAGREE

Reprinted from LIFE, January 7, 1897

Confidential Guide

Prices quoted are for orchestra seats, evening performances.
 * Matinee—Wednesday and Saturday.
 X Matinee—Thursday and Saturday.
 (Listed in the order of their opening)

PLAYS

- GRAND HOTEL.** *National.* \$4.40 (*)—Exciting, interesting and beautifully staged drama of 36 hours in a Berlin hotel. Eugénie Leontovich offers one of the outstanding performances of the season.
- THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET.** *Empire.* \$3.85 (*)—Katharine Cornell gives a brilliant performance in a play based on the lives of Robert Browning, Elizabeth Barrett and her father.
- THE UNEXPECTED HUSBAND.** *48th Street.* \$3.00 (*)—With none but the good shows able to stand the financial lethargy of Summer, this one won't be around long. Hugh Cameron gives a commendable performance.
- CLOUDY WITH SHOWERS.** *Morisco.* \$3.00 (*)—How and why a sassy little school girl learns to giggle about sex and is kept after hours. Very childish, and for adults only.
- FRIENDSHIP.** *Fulton.* \$3.85 (*)—The one and only George M. writes about a bird in a gilded cage who wants to "Be Herself." Amusing, skilfully written with superb performances by Mr. Cohan, Minor Watson and Robert Fischer.
- AFTER TOMORROW.** *Golden.* \$3.00 (*)—Realistic drama of middle class life with financial troubles, etc. If you have none of your own, go ahead. Good performances by Donald Meek, Ross Alexander, Josephine Hull.
- THREE TIMES THE HOUR.** *Avon.* \$3.85 (X)—A murder mystery. You can buy

better ones at the corner drug store.

- JUST TO REMIND YOU.** *Sam Harris.* \$3.00 (*)—Owen Davis tries hard to get everybody excited about a young man who opens a laundry and won't pay protection. All the customers get holes in their shirts. Desperate love interest. Bombs, bullets, racketeers,—and other constructive ideas if you are having laundry trouble.
- LADIES OF CREATION.** *Cort.* \$3.00 (*)—Chrystal Herne in a comedy about the interior decorating racket. Decidedly on the ho-hum side.
- THE MAN ON STILTS.** *Plymouth.* \$3.00 (X)—A burlesque-satire on modern hero-worship. Ballyhoo, etc. suffered by a young man who crosses the country on a steam roller. The lines and situations are labored and obvious.

MUSICAL

- THE BAND WAGON.** *New Amsterdam.* \$5.50 (*)—The Astaires, Frank Morgan, Helen Broderick and Tilly Losch in one of the few fool-proof musical shows in years. Get in if you can.
- THE THIRD LITTLE SHOW.** *Music Box.* \$5.50 (Matinee Wed. & Thurs. No Saturday Matinee)—The best thing Beatrice Lillie has ever done, so of course you should see it. Walter O'Keefe is runner-up to Miss Lillie with Ernest Truex, Constance Carpenter, Gertrude MacDonald and Carl Randall offering capable support.
- FOLLIES.** *Ziegfeld.* \$5.50 (X)—Some amazing dancing by Hal LeRoy and Mitzi Mayfair—the highly entertaining colored team of Buck and Bubbles—lovely girls in typical Ziegfeld surroundings—that effective Buckingham Palace scene—and some clever writing by Gene Buck and Mark Hellinger. And they do say that

Mr. Ziegfeld has found some new material for his stars, Helen Morgan, Harry Richman, Ruth Etting and Jack Pearl.

- SHOOT THE WORKS.** *Majestic.* \$3.00 (*)—This is Heywood Brown's show for the benefit of unemployed talent. Some good numbers, and if you like Heywood it's the chance of a lifetime.
- EARL CARROLL'S VANITIES.** *Carroll.* \$3.00. Mat. Tues., Wed., Thurs. and Sat.—Mr. Carroll's unusual sense of beauty—Will Mahoney's unusual sense of comedy and some unusually lovely girls used as a background for some unusually low humor.
- FREE FOR ALL.** *Manhattan.* \$4.40 (*)—Proving that Communism will not work—even when set to music. It will probably be gone by the time you read this.

MOVIES

- STREET SCENE.** *United Artists*—Elmer Rice's Pulitzer Prize play loses realism in the screen adaptation, but Sylvia Sidney's superlative performance plus the work of several members of the original cast make it one of the things you should see. Yes.
- BAD GIRL.** *Fox*—Another one to put on your list. Viña Delmar's best seller made into a convincing film that will make you giggle and bawl. Applause for Director Frank Borzage, Sally Eilers (the best thing she has ever done) and James Dunn. Yes.
- PARDON US.** *Metro*—A Laurel and Hardy feature length comedy that is funny enough for about two reels and should have been held down to that. No.
- SILENCE.** *Paramount*—Clive Brook, Peggy Shannon, John Wray and other expert performers in a well directed story about a big-hearted man who refuses to admit he is the father of his long lost child rather than make her unhappy. Yes.
- THE MIRACLE WOMAN.** *Radio*—A well aimed slam at commercial evangelism with a personal sock at Aimee Semple McPherson. Impressive performances by Barbara Stanwyck, David Manners and Sam Hardy. Yes.
- THE LAST FLIGHT.** *First National*—Don't be too analytical and you will enjoy the screen version of the John Monk Saunders' stories, "Nikki And Her Flyers." Richard Barthelmess, Helen Chandler, Elliott Nugent, John Mack Brown and David Manners are very entertaining. Yes.
- HUCKLEBERRY FINN.** *Paramount*—Not as good as "Tom Sawyer" but Junior Durkin's fine performance makes it worth while. Yes.
- SPORTING BLOOD.** *Metro*—Horse people will love this race track story. Others will be bored stiff. Clark Gable and Madge Evans appear at a disadvantage. No.
- THE STAR WITNESS.** *Warners*—The best film sermon against the racketeer to date. Excellent cast includes "Chic" Sale, Walter Huston and Frances Starr. Yes.
- RECKLESS HOUR.** *First National*—Birth-control comes to the movies . . . and is Will Hays' face red. Tsk, tsk! Well acted. Don't take Junior. Maybe.
- TRANSATLANTIC.** *Fox*—A good movie that might have been a great one if Director William Howard had not become so intrigued with a gun fight that he neglected his climax. And good news . . . Greta Nissen can speak English now. Also flowers for Edmund Lowe, Lois Moran and Billy Bevan. Yes.



George M. Cohan

Lee Patrick
in "Friendship"

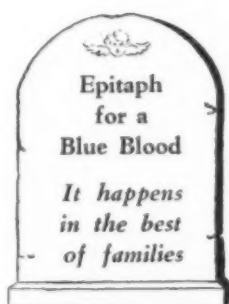
Minor Watson

Anagrins

Scramble up some fun for yourself. Take each word given below, rearrange the letters in it and with the one given letter make up the new word which is defined.

- (1) Scramble *spare* with a *t* and get a bite to eat.
- (2) Scramble *gives* with an *a* and get a face.
- (3) Scramble *eagles* with an *s* and get very old.
- (4) Scramble *wield* with an *m* and get rot.
- (5) Scramble *fared* with an *o* and get a new hat.

Answers on page 29



A new statue of Columbus has been erected in Spain. So far as we know there has been no recognition of the sailors who wanted the explorer to turn back before America was sighted.

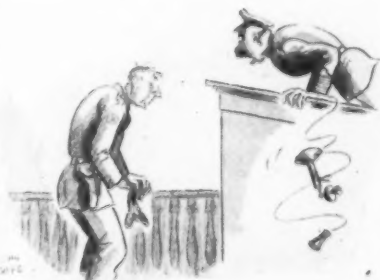
—Punch.

"If I only could get some sleep! I have insomnia, you know."

"Why don't you try counting sheep?"

"Oh, I tried that—and the sheep fell asleep!" —N. Y. Mirror.

Invigorating and delicious—Iced Tea flavored with Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail 25c. Write Abbott's Bitters, Baltimore, Maryland.



"Chief, I want to report a stolen squad car."

He wanted his father to ENJOY himself

So young Master Burg gave his Dad a sample of Edgeworth. You can try it too. Clip coupon below.

MR. ELMER C. BURG lives in Hamilton, Ohio, and he has an eight-year-old son who thinks the world of him.

Not very long ago Mr. Burg had a birthday and his son presented him with a sample package of Edgeworth as a gift. What Mr. Burg thought of his gift you can judge from his letter.

"Gentlemen:

"Regarding the sample of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco that you mailed to me, I wish to thank you for your kindness and say that I enjoyed the smoke and since have purchased more.

"My eight-year-old son clipped your coupon and gave me the tobacco on my birthday. He said that after he read the advertisement he thought I would like to smoke a tobacco that was as good as you described Edgeworth to be.

"Well, he certainly hit the nail on the

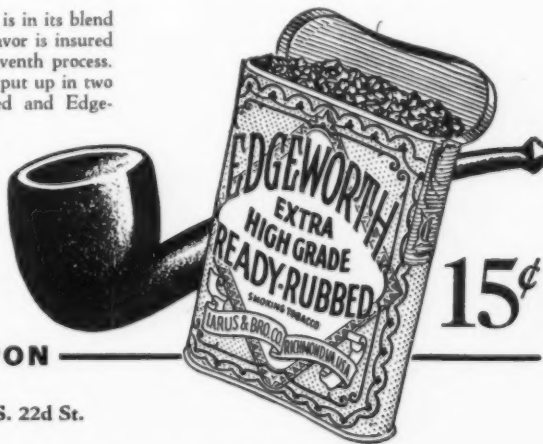
head. And you are to be congratulated on an advertisement that would attract the attention of an eight-year-old boy who has the interests of his Dad at heart."

It was nice of Mr. Burg to say that he thought our advertisement was good. And we're especially glad that he liked our tobacco.

If you are a pipe smoker and don't know Edgeworth, we wish that you would try it. We're pretty sure you'll like it too. Men who have smoked Edgeworth for as long as twenty years say that it's a cool, slow-burning smoke that never bites the tongue.

You can buy Edgeworth wherever tobacco is sold. Or if you will use the coupon below, we shall be happy to send to you one of the free trial packages of Edgeworth like the one young Master Burg gave to his father. Larus & Bro. Co., 100 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va.

The secret of Edgeworth's flavor is in its blend of fine old burleys. Its natural savor is insured by a distinctive and exclusive eleventh process. For the pleasure of smokers it is put up in two forms: Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. Sold by dealers nearly everywhere. If your dealer will not supply you, send your order to the makers, Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Virginia. Pocket Size Tin, 15c. Half-pound Tin, 75c. Pound Humidor Tin, \$1.50. Also packed in Vacuum Tins in pound and half-pound sizes.



CLIP COUPON

LARUS & BRO. CO., 100 S. 22d St.
Richmond, Va.

Send me the Edgeworth sample packet. I'll try the Edgeworth in a good pipe.

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____ L-86

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Our Foolish Contemporaries

SWELL PATIENT: Don't you think, I have traumatic neurosis, doctor?

FASHIONABLE MEDICO: Not yet, but I'll give you a list of the symptoms and you can go home and start working on them.
—*Boston Transcript.*

They tell of the ham actor who complained long and loud to the producer about the size of his name in the lights.

"Oh," groaned the actor, "I know I'm not a star, but I do think that my name should be featured. Why don't you mention the name of the show plus the principals, and then before my name put: 'And—'?"

"'AND!'" screamed the fed-up producer. "Why not 'BUT'?"
—*N. Y. Mirror.*

Yokels: The kind of people who spend their money to support the kind of writers who call them yokels.
—*Publishers' Syndicate.*



"Please, I tell your fortune?"
"No thanks, I've just had it told."
"But I tell you better one."

—*Punch (by permission).*



"Is it quite safe for my husband to bathe here?"

"Quite, ma'am. There ain't no mermaids 'ere for 'im to go off wiv!"

—*Humorist.*

A nature-writer says that the clover plant foretells the weather and contracts its leaves during rain. Another way to tell if it is raining is to go out and see if you get wet.

—*Punch.*

HOSTESS (at evening party): What, going already, Professor? And must you take your dear wife with you?

PROFESSOR: Indeed, I'm sorry to say I must!

—*The Outspan.*

A cat fell into a milk churn at a London station last week, but was fortunately rescued by a porter from a watery grave.

—*Humorist.*

The Mayor of Los Angeles, hero of the incident at Havre, has sent each of his fellow travelers a bottle of California spring water. With the usual warning, we expect, not to leave a wine brick in it for 15 days.

—*Detroit News.*

Pilots of passenger planes say that air-sickness among passengers has become a thing of the past. Opinions differ as to why this is so, but some authorities think that radio crooners have smoothed all the bumps out of the air.

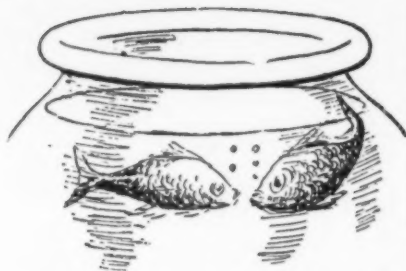
—*Spokane Spokesman-Review.*

"Where's old Bill been lately? I haven't seen him for months."

"What? Haven't you 'eard? He's got three years for stealin' a car."

"What did he want to steal a car for? Why didn't he buy one an' not pay for it, like a gentleman!"

—*The Outspan.*



"Where are you going on your holidays?"

"I don't know. I've already been all over the globe."

—Dublin Opinion.

There is still a fortune for the man who will invent a fly trap that a fly will think is a bald head.

—Publishers' Syndicate.

Solution of Last Week's Golf Puzzle

The par 34 course goes from the club house tee to holes 5, 17, 19, 25, 30, 24, 23, 11, 8.

Mr. Walter S. Gifford, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, has been named head man of Mr. Hoover's unemployment board this winter, indicating that Washington's attitude toward the depression is summed up by the words, "Excuse it, please!"

—N. Y. Evening Sun.

Answers to Anagrams

on page 27

- (1) Repast.
- (2) Visage.
- (3) Ageless.
- (4) Mildew.
- (5) Fedora.

Solution to September 18 Crossword Puzzle



The SAVOY-PLAZA
New York

HENRY A. ROST
President



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When a book aims to put 5,000,000 men to work, WHY should American publishers refuse to print it?

A CARTOONIST'S PHILOSOPHY

By Percy Crosby
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McLEAN, VIRGINIA

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Twenty dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?

Contributions (which are acknowledged in LIFE about four weeks after their receipt) should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 60 East 42nd Street, New York City.

LIFE has two Summer Camps. The Camp for Girls is at Branchville, Conn., while the Camp for Boys is located at Pottersville, N. J.

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rush! rush! rush!



when business makes you
race through lunch



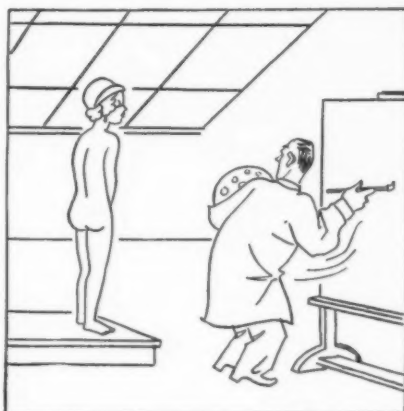
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Everybody knows that eating when worried, hurried, nervous or tired is apt to put a strain on your digestion.

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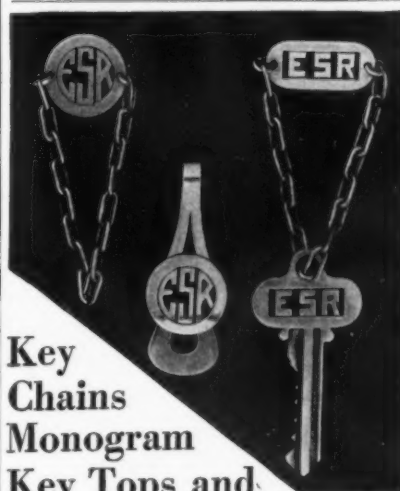
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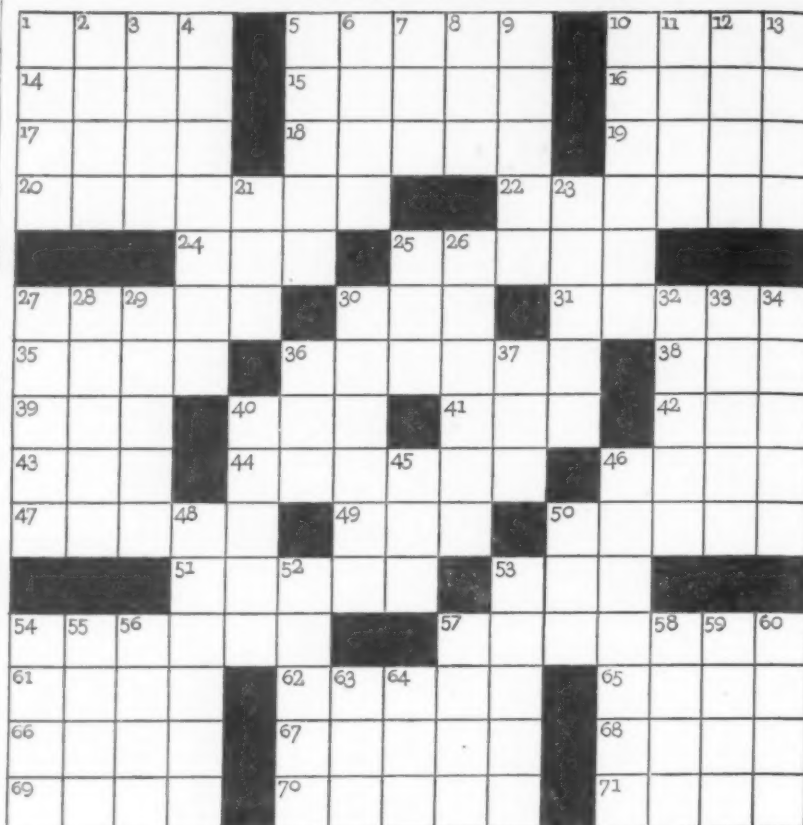
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Please send me _____ copies of "Sinbad."
Check for \$ _____ enclosed.

Name _____

Address _____ 9-4

Life's Cross Word Puzzle



ACROSS

1. Flexible.
5. The janitor problem.
10. Naughty old men.
14. Musical instrument.
15. Article of furniture.
16. County in Western New York.
17. Russian river.
18. Fossil resin.
19. Habit.
20. Perform.
22. Crotchety people.
24. To open (Poetic)
25. A purchaser.
27. Political groups.
30. A civil officer (Colloq.)
31. A snake.
35. Hilarious good time.
36. Sealed.
38. High priest of Israel.
39. Sleeveless Arabian garment.
40. Persian gazelle.
41. Food for cattle.
42. Women's problems.
43. Habitual drunkard.
44. Nautical hitching post.
46. Kind of beer.
47. An unusual pleasure.
49. A set of tools.
50. Searches after.
51. Thick
53. Small light cake.
54. Rest.
57. Sheds for planes.
61. Declare.
62. Make use of.
65. Place.
66. Pleasurable crime.
67. Cleanse in clear water.
68. Variety of cheese.
69. Large deer.
70. Chairs.
71. Vital fluids.

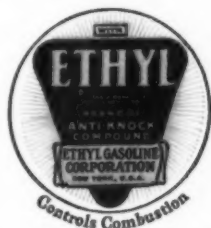
DOWN

1. Solitary.
2. Wild goat of the Alps.
3. Propose formally.
4. Beautiful fowl.
5. Condition.
6. Unwild.
7. Diminish.
8. Beverage.
9. A providential blessing.
10. Recompense.
11. Unyielding.
12. Garden flower.
13. Cliques.
21. Seasons of prosperity.
23. Willing.
25. To hoot at.
26. Final result.
27. Blight.
28. Work.
29. Speechify.
30. Rattles.
32. An evil spirit.
33. Distinguish by special selection
34. Skating arenas.
36. To study.
37. A spike of corn.
40. Entrances.
45. Hasten.
46. Botches.
48. Worships.
50. A vandal.
52. Approaches.
53. Large bundles.
54. To talk with immoderate zeal.
55. Wickedness.
56. Measure of capacity.
57. Hush! Hush!
58. Opera by Verdi.
59. Harvest.
60. Amounts.
63. Contend with.
64. Literary tidbits.



Perfect POWER

The leaping, racing fight of the sailfish is a breathtaking display of power under perfect control. To put the power of gasoline under control, leading oil refiners add Ethyl fluid. This prevents the uneven explosions that cause power-waste, knock and overheating. It *controls combustion*, so that power is delivered to the pistons with a smoothly increasing pressure that brings out the best performance of *any* car. Try it. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.



The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead

ETHYL GASOLINE

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To smokers who are **HARD-TO-CONVINCE**

We like nothing better than to induce a hard-to-convince smoker to switch to Camels for just one day.

For we know that after he has made a real test, it will be mighty hard to lure him away from this famous brand. It's not easy to smoke parched-dry cigarettes once you have known the delights of perfectly conditioned Camels.

After inhaling the cool, soft fragrance of the Camel blend of choice Turkish and mellow Domestic tobaccos protected by the Humidor Pack, your throat protests against the bite and sting and harsh hot-

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No matter where you pick them up, in any land, in any climate, Camels are the same fresh, factory-prime cigarettes.

For the Humidor Pack of moisture-proof Cellophane air-seals all the flavor in and keeps out weather, dust and germs.

This is no mere advertising story. It is a recitation of fact that has made the whole country conscious of a new superiority in Camels.

If you are hard to convince, won't you switch to Camels for just one day? Then leave them —if you can.



- Don't remove the moisture-proof Cellophane from your package of Camels after you open it. The Humidor Pack is protection against sweat, dust and germs. It delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until you smoke the last one

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CAMELS

NO CIGARETTY AFTER-TASTE

